

Shout (1,148) : it is Elizabethan, with cortile; has a square turret at each end, octagonal lantern in the middle, and two projecting buildings in centre of the long front, with entrance gateway between them.

(1060) "The Terrace now erecting at Windsor, on the road to Ascot," by S. S. Teulon, is of Tudor design (with range of gables), and red brick construction. (1103) "Schools recently erected in the Village of Roby, Lincoln," and (1161) "Schools recently erected at Elvetham Park, Hants," are by the same architect and in the same style, cleverly treated. (1073) "A Design for the proposed Restoration of the Poultry Cross, at Salisbury," is nicely drawn by G. B. Carter. (1074) "Interior Part of the New Buildings at East Sutton, Kent, the seat of Sir Edmund Filmer, Bart.," by C. J. Richardson, is so placed that it can scarcely be examined, but being in the style with which Mr. Richardson is thoroughly imbued, may safely be pronounced satisfactory. (1179) by the same, "Designs for Villas in various Elizabethan Styles," would delight old Thorpe, but are not what we wish to see revived. (1091) "Design for a building for the reception of the Vernon gallery, and other productions of modern painters," by R. M. Phipson, must surely be mislaid; it has a rustic character, and might be taken for the market-house of a provincial town. (1108) shows the "North end of the great hall, Euston station," by P. C. Hardwick, whereof we in our present number give a representation, and express an opinion.

Enough for the present.

THE HIEROPHANTINE FRAGMENTS.

THE following are eight fragments from the archives of Hierophantus, master architect of the pre-Adamite schools of the Dom-Daniel:—

I.
Whatever ye do,
Work solid and true,
Go thorough and through.

II.
If a scalous Fellow-craft have not the
patience of a dog, he will lead the life of one.

III.
Never ride the free horse down.

IV.
He that would keep a fortress this must do,—
Casemate his flanks, and flank his casemates too.

V.
Consider what you undertake,
And analyse it well;
And ever work from whole to Part—
Grand principle of master art—
That makes that work to tell.

VI.
Tell me not "I have no ground!"
"There's no foundation to be found!"
If the ground is there,—you take it;
If the ground is not,—you make it.

VII.
Hold on in office—just as long
As health is good and nerves are strong:
That is, for health; whilst the complexion
Hath yet the "Carrot" in perfection:
Paranips* or parchment's neutral tint,
Cadaverous, give more than hint

*
Mistake the knowledge of routine
For deep and sage experience
A last farewell
To thought deliberate and cool reflection.
Patient endurance
Fibre, ligneous, or of nerve—
Passed Tension's modulus
verve—

As Tredgor† bath it
Permanent fissure is incipient rupture."

VIII.
Eschew the hollow work!—head, heart, or wall—
Folly or fraud involve the certain fall.
How stands the torrent's force, the flimsy dam?
How stands the ill-built wall, the battering ram?
Low though the stated cost,—low the deceiver's
bow;
Smooth though the offer be,—smooth as the ser-
vice brow:—
The CRAFT'S dishonoured! by the crooked bent

* denote lines so blotched and discoloured as to be illegible.

† An ancient and venerated predecessor of Hierophantus, celebrated for his constructional knowledge.

* No offence to patent hollow bricks of all sorts.

Of knives who from the first unfairly meant
To carry out the ill-conceived pact
In towers tumbling, and the walls all cracked.—
Crumbling cement,*—a quick-sand treacherous
base,—
A heart of rubbish, and a shiner† face,—
Their own vile image and (unfelt!) disgrace.

These are all the fragments that our diving-
bell swept over; and they owed their protec-
tion to having been encased and petrified in a
huge pinna that had contrived to bolt, though it
could neither masticate nor digest them.

Judging from circumstances, it would ap-
pear that the last of these lines were written
not many centuries before the Dom-Daniel
vaults were blown up by Thalaba.

Dr. Southey has been at much pains to
mystify this Thalaba, the mystic and profes-
sional progenitor of Major-General Sir C.
Pasley, of voltaic and otherwise well-earned
celebrity. The Dom-Daniel fell from a schism
in the worshipful body-corporate; they broke
gradually and virtually into "conservatives
and abolitionists."

Now, young Thalaba was sub-prefect of the
demolitions, corresponding, I presume, to a
major of miners and sappers and engineers—
(is that one regiment or two? I can't make it
out at all!)—who engaged to play the Guy
Fawkes to the old "conservatives" when
assembled in conclave under the august presi-
dency of that Megatherium of self-impostors,
the imperative, the potential, and pot-bellied
Magnarch.—HURLOTHRUMBO SMELL-
FUNGUS SAP,§—very limited, and therefore
very conceited: ex officio, privileged to be
dictatorial and pragmatic.

This dignity, by the way, was the son of a
dirty servile election-jobber, who contrived to
force his scion into a place unsuited to his age,
education, or natural ability:—hence this piece
of sappy "albern" albernism, was constantly
verging towards the dry-rot and dotage so re-
markable in unsound beech:—from under a
pair of ragged bushy eye-brows and enormous
round spectacles, he was fond of proclaiming
himself to be a "matter-of-fact man of plain-
sense, and v-a-i-r-y few words indeed!" His
answer in all cases beyond mere routine, was
a negative, in a portentous oracular tone,
delivered slowly over a double chin from
the back of his throat and the bottom of his
belly, to the following effect: "It-is-un-u-sual,
and THEREFORE cannot be re-com-mend-ed!"
He was just the type of that curse of so many
public offices,—the class of man specified in
Fragment VII. as ever confounding the know-
ledge of mere routine with experience.

Thalaba, in order to destroy his opponents,
condensed several cubic miles of ethereal
imagination by "surface action" on the cen-
tral point of a spongy syllogism. On this
was to be brought to bear suddenly the moon-
shine of the lunar caustic of the angry but silly
remarks of the Magnarch, concentrated by
lanticular form and power of an approximate
and preceding lucid interval.

The "imagination" thus condensed into
what Thalaba's utilitarian impertinence called
"the semblance of a single solid grain of
common sense," was slightly but carefully
dusted over with humbug and mill-puff: the
intended 'fuse' for the sudden development of
the 'moonshine' was the short ironical and
inflammatory speech with which it was deliv-
ered to Mr. Magnarch. But here he failed,—
he cut his fuse, and thereby his stick,—too
short: Magnarch took fire too soon, and, by
a premature thump of indignation on his desk
(always his resource when he felt very angry
or very empty), 'detonated' and exploded the
whole chamber and sub-prefect, Thalaba, sub-
marine vaults and all, into an inconceivable
state of atomic comminution. The "Dom-
Daniel cavern under the Root of Ocean," was
simply an enormous series of caves in the

* No offence to Dr. Parker's ghost, or present makers of
Roman cement, notwithstanding its collapse by Mister White.

† Teutonic? "Schneider?" No offence to Mister Tay-
lor's patent facing.

‡ X + Y + Z stands corrected. "Royal Sappers and
Miners," and "Royal Engineers"—two distinct corps: the
former has no officers of its own; and the latter has no
men, though they always command the sappers on a footing
of temporary attachment. Hence the former is a regimental
corps,—the Royal Engineers a staff.—E.O.

§ We have suggested to X + Y + Z the probability of
this being considered as a personality; but he assures us
that, like the Magnarch, the character has no specific
originality,—a thing of threads and patches,—a compound
old goose of many gables, collected from many birds in
John Bull's large official farmyards—civil and military.—E.O.

mountain limestone formation; and the lifting
of a remote corner (at a considerable depth
under the surface) produced the bank at Spit-
head, on which Gen. Pasley operated so
successfully in later days; but his explosions
were but the

Gentle breath of Zephyr, o'er the swell

Of Ocean's bosom as it rose and fell—

to that of the unlucky Thalaba. So much for
Dr. Southey's mystification!

"I like good plain prose," said a hard-fight-
ing old soldier to me one day, "but as to
pot'herly—'tis all GAMMON."

X + Y + Z.

ELEVATION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

It must be a strong motive to make a toiler,
like myself, set aside the chosen pursuit for
his leisure evening time, and task himself with
"the stringing together of sentences," but
the truth is, I cannot well help it. The pith of
the communications of the "Old Mason," has
warmed my dull phlegmatic nature into ner-
vous life; and having given insertion to his
advice, perhaps you will spare me a little room
for a few comments upon it.

Simplify your wants. Do as I have done.
I have kept myself, wife and children, upon
11. per week; and thus out of my weekly
stipend of 12. 10s., saved 10s. This, I think,
is the cream and marrow of his advice.

I shall not inquire how much, or how little,
they eat or drank; how often sickness, with
its gloomy shadow darkened their homestead;
how often he was out of work; what rent
they paid, &c.; such details would be quite
unfit for publication. But I must say, is this
a time to be chosen to talk to us of saving
10s. out of 30s.? Where are the 30s.? Not
one-half of us engaged in the building trade
in London, have had it for these last eighteen
months; we have either been "totally with-
out employment, or working short time."

My first objection to his advice is founded
upon the negative of the following question:—
Ought we, for a contingent evil, to sacrifice
a certain good? I think not; the evil in this
matter (want, dependence in old age) is in
time future, and therefore contingent. The
certain good I shall now explain.

Let any man take 30s. Let him find the
bread necessary for the sustaining of the ani-
mal nature of himself and family. This done,
let him think of that other nature which God
hath given them; let him consider this second
want—this bread-finding for the intellectual—
for the spirit nature, and God help him in his
sore trouble; God forgive him for the bitter-
ness which venoms his soul, when he sees in
what poor doles he must mete it out to the
children of his own blood, whose very sym-
pathies are his own; and for whose well-doing
he must face to face with them answer to his
God.

And let this not be forgotten (suppose those
children are sent to a good school, there they
acquire the means, the tools of education); it
is the parent who ought and must be the
trainer; he must teach the application, he
must mould their minds, and lead them for-
ward towards ultimate results. And to do
this, his own soul-work—his own education—
must be pursued; and this will be another
cause of expense; it is true, in one sense,
books and education are cheap enough now-a-
days. Yes, and always were—even worthy the
shedding of one's blood to obtain; but, alas!
dear, very dear, to a man with only 30s. per
week; for of a surety there will come a time
to every brain-worker, who works truly and
well, when his mind will need something not
quite so elementary as penny magazine trea-
sures; and then, woe—woe to his saving, he
has crossed the rubicon—his march of edu-
cation is, in other words, eternal progression
(i. e. an endless expense). Good books, such
as he may now require, are only to be pur-
chased with large sums. And here let every
man think over his own mind's progress, and
think over a few of the tortuosities he has
been forced into, by wanting a book that he
could not afford to procure. Talk of saving
for old age!—the "Old Mason" has never wit-
nessed the feverish anxious thrift of a working-
man saving to buy a book.

A little while ago, back in the winter-
time, a fellow-workman lay upon his death